Cleanin Out My Closet

Eminem

Where's my snare?
I have no snare in my headphones
There ya' go
Yeah, yo', yo'Have you ever been hated or discriminated against, I have
I've been protested and demonstrated
Against, picket signs for my wicked rhymes
Look at the times, sick is the mind of the
Motherfuckin' kid that's behind
All this commotion, emotions run deep as ocean's explodin'
Tempers flarin' from parents, just blow 'em off and keep goin'
Not takin' nothin' from no one
Give 'em hell long as I'm breathin', keep kickin' ass in the mornin',
An' takin' names in the
Evenin', leave 'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in they mouth
See they can trigger me but
They'll never figure me out, look at me now
I bet ya' probably sick of me now, ain't you Mama?
I'ma make you look so ridiculous nowI'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time
I said, "I'm sorry Mama", I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet, haI got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one knows it
So before they thrown me inside my coffin and close it
I'ma expose it, I'll take you back to seventy three
Before I ever had a multi platinum sellin' CD
I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months
My faggot father must have had his panties up in a bunch
'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye
No I don't on second thought, I just fuckin' wished he would die
I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leavin' her side
Even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I'd try to make it work with her
At least for Hailie's sake, I maybe made some mistakesBut I'm only human, but I'm man enough to face 'em today
What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb
But the smartest shit I did was take them bullets out of that gun
'Cause Id'a killed 'em, shit I would have shot Kim and him both
It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to 'The Eminem Show'I'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you

I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time
I said, "I'm sorry Mama", I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closetNow I would never diss my own Mama just to get recognition
Take a second to listen for you think this record is dissin'
But put yourself in my position, just try to envision witnessin'
Your Mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen
Bitchin' that someone's always goin'
Through her purse and shit's missin'
Goin' through public housin' systems
Victim of Mnchhausen's syndrome
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick
When I wasn't 'til I grew up, now I blew up
It makes you sick to ya' stomach, doesn't it
Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, Ma?
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, Ma
But guess what, your gettin' older now and it's cold when you're lonely
And Nathan's growin' up so quick, he's gonna know that you're phony
And Hailie's gettin' so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful
But you'll never see her, she won't even be at your funeral
(Ha ha)
See what hurts me the most is you won't admit you was wrong
Bitch, do your song, keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom
But how dare you try to take what you didn't help me to get
You selfish bitch, I hope you fuckin' burn in hell for this shit
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me
Well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can beI'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time
I said, "I'm sorry Mama", I never meant to hurt you
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